

HaloMass effect: To the Gates of Hell

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Category: Halo, Mass Effect

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 06:04:35

Updated: 2016-04-12 00:48:24

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:45:01

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 6,346

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: What would happen if the Sangheili, Kig-Yar, and Sharqoi evolved in the ME universe? Well thats what this story is about. AU (Duh)

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Authors Note:** Welcome back, this is the first chapter in what could be a long story. If anyone likes it please tell me and I will continue. As for something I need to say, I will not listen to flames, I will listen to commenter's who can actually give me constructive criticism. Also please take into consideration that this is an AU story, things will play out differently than canon. Other than that, enjoy and have a nice day. Also actually read the timeline or this probably won't make much sense.\*\*

Vadam, Sanghelios, (one of their first space flights)

The Sangheili cheer as their first spacecraft takes off, the Kaidon of Vadam standing on the ramparts of his keep. "This is a sign, we are not alone in these many worlds. The forerunners have strengthened our keep, and we shall take our rightful place among the stars, for the galaxy is ruled by the strong, and Vadam is the strongest!" The Sangheili roar in triumph. One of the keeps elders walks up to the Kaidon.

"My lord, reverse engineering the ruins of the forerunners has, while a good strategy, led us into war with one of the nearby keeps. They claim that they rule those territories and demand a share of any riches we may find."

"If they will not see reason and revoke their claim, destroy them, they should back down though."

"Why would they back down? They have several hundred more troops than our army."

"Because they do not have those troops, I sent out scouts two days ago, these extra troops do not exist, those extra tents are empty, set up by the cowardly vermin to deceive us. I sent a messenger; they know that we saw through the deception, they will probably leave soon."

"Honorable Kaidon, I did not mean offense."

"And I did not think you had, besides is your job to advise me. What good is an advisor who simply agrees with me? Now let me collect my thoughts."

"Yes Kaidon"

The Sangheili turns and looks out at the city for a few minutes, then shifting his view toward the stars. \_I wonder what we shall find out there. \_He thinks before turning and walking away.

**\*\*Timeline:\*\***

(The forerunners did exist in this timeline, as did the flood. However they existed before the reapers/Leviathan did. And all halo rings were recalled to the Ark as the reapers came to be, they also removed all traces of their existence short of several ruins on Sanghelios and Eyayn. There are some on earth but are buried too deep to be accessible. Also Cross reference these with the dates of the Krogan rebellions and Rachni wars and you will find out about when these happened.)

400 CE: 3 Sangheili Warship classes begin construction, the Pride of Sanghelios class heavy cruiser (1.7 kilometers), the Cries of the fallen class destroyer (950 meters), and the Fall of the Forerunners class frigate (475 meters)

345 CE First contact is made with Kig-Yar, ignites a brief war.

452 CE War ends, Several colonies on both sides destroyed, but a peace treaty is signed, and memorials are placed to honor the fallen.

453 CE: Trade agreements are made.

464 CE: A military alliance is enacted between the species. This alliance being formed as evidence of additional species being out in the galaxy.

472 CE: the first few joint colonies are made.

497 CE: Contact with the Sharqoi is made, war erupts.

498 CE: War ends, over two thirds of the Sharqoi ships being destroyed, but the Kig-Yar and Sangheili offer reparations for losses in exchange for joining their union. The Sharqoi accept.

507 CE: The Sharqoi are gifted two additional planets in exchange for 7000 additional warriors.

537 CE: All of the aging Pride of Sanghelios Heavy cruisers are upgraded. The Pride of Sanghelios Mark II vessels are operational

within months. The same happens with the other ancient Sangheili warship classes.

600 CE: First contact with the Yohnet happens. The Yohnet, with no desire to have a war peacefully agree to trade relations.

645 CE: The ruins of a squid like space ship are found near the far edge of Kig-Yar space. A vote is called, the majority choosing to let it drift.

935 CE: A mass relay is discovered and activated. The Kig-Yar and Sangheili begin to colonize the area that it leads to.

1004 CE: A second relay is discovered, it leads to a new system. The ruins of an unknown species war fleet are discovered. Several weapons technologies are discovered but are implemented as secondary weapons.

1246 CE: Several new infantry weapons are developed, as well as personal shielding for all warriors.

1583 CE: The Silent whisper class stealth corvette is developed. (280 meters)

2028 CE: A new mass relay is discovered, this leads to a system colonized by an unknown race. The frigate investigating the system is fired upon by an enemy battle group severely damaged it retreats. A Sangheili\ Kig-Yar fleet is called in to make "Negotiations" with the enemy.

Bridge, The Pride of Sanghelios, Fleet of vengeful justice, 2028 CE

"Shipmaster, we are ready to go through the relay. Jumping in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1." The old cruiser is enveloped in a blue light and is shot through the relay, followed closely by three destroyers and seven frigates.

Turian Dreadnaught, Unknown system

"New contacts, Captain" A Turian crewman says.

"Numbers?"

"Three moderately sized dreadnaughts, one large dreadnaught, and seven cruisers."

"There's no way we can hold out against that. Send a message to Palaven. Tell them to send a fleet."

"Yes Sir."

"Send a message to ground forces, I want them mobilizing."

"Energy readings spiking at front of all enemy ships. They are firing plasma."

"All ships fire at will!" The captain yells before a green energy beam strikes their ship, it would be the last thing any of the bridge crew would see.

## Unknown system

The smaller Turian ships are the only ones to survive the attack. Three Sangheili frigates do a slipspace jump to right next to a Turian destroyer, yellow energy shots from their fronts cutting the ship apart. The last few Turian ships try this tactic, using their FTL to jump surrounding a frigate, a destroyer and three frigates firing at the Sangheili ship. The badly damaged Sangheili ship launches drop ships before charging forward, smashing through a frigate, detonating in a giant ball of plasma right next to the Turian ships, vaporizing a frigate and the destroyer. The last Turian frigate, in a last act of defiance accelerates into FTL and rams a frigate in the side. The Sangheili vessel cracks in half from the force.

(I know there are safeguards to try and stop this, but it was the easiest way for me to kill a Sangheili ship with a Turian frigate. So just say they were overridden.)

A large cloud of Sangheili drop ships swarms through the ruins of the destroyed ships, carrying Sangheili, Kig-Yar and a few heavily armored Sharqoi troops toward the surface. Inside one of the drop ships a group of Kig-Yar soldiers are preparing to engage. "Hey, Reth, I can't wait to try out our new toys. Well against actual enemies anyway." The Kig-Yar says as he raises his R-32 Sniper rifle. (Looks like a slightly more angular version of the halo 4 beam rifle with green lights replacing the purple)

"Yes, it should be quite fun." \_Considering my father was on board the frigate they attacked unprovoked. They should pay. \_Reth thinks as he attaches a C-62 pistol (Angular plasma pistol with blue lights) to a magnetic plate on his thigh.

"Touching down in, 1, happy hunting." The pilot says.

The Kig-Yar soldiers storm out of the ship, several activating green point defense gauntlets, using them to cover their advance through the streets. A Turian soldier fires a heavy weapon into their ranks killing one and draining their gauntlets. Their personal shields flared as they tried to get to cover. Reth's gauntlet fails. He curses before jumping forward to behind a barricade.

He pulls his rifle off of the magnetic plates on his back. He raises it, turns and fires three times, the green energy lances killing two Turian police who engaged and wounding a soldier. A heavy weapon shot slams into Reth's barricade, sending him flying. He coughs up purple blood as he tries to find his rifle. "Heads up, we have a heavy incoming." A Kig-Yar soldier says before a Sharqoi slams into the middle of the street. To their credit, the Turian soldiers didn't stop firing.

"Bring it down!" A Turian sergeant yells before a Sniper melts his head with a green plasma shot. The 5 meter tall Sharqoi stands to its full height and fires a large P-74 plasma launcher. It fired a tracking large purple plasma ball that flew at a Turian gunship, melting its cockpit, sending it spiraling. It aimed at the ground forces who were trying to pierce its armor. The ball fired decimating the forces who didn't dodge.

"This is gunship Z-389 to Major Reth."

"Acknowledged, though when did I get promoted?"

"About two minutes ago when your last Major was killed."

"Oh, well what do you need me for?"

"Field Martial N'tho Rithamee requests all available teams to participate the assault on the city center, they are meeting heavy resistance."

"Ok, dropping flare now."

"I see you, touching down, ETA 30 seconds."

The gunship lands, Reth and the five surviving Kig-Yar troops climb in the drop ship before it takes off.

Plaza, Turian Colony

Sangheili and Kig-Yar forces formed a shield wall. Snipers and heavy weapons specialists fired through the gaps. A Sangheili fires yellow plasma at his foes with his A-12 SMG with one hand and the other wrist carrying a defense gauntlet. The air was filled with yellow and blue plasma shots and tracers from the Turian weapons. Three Sharqoi ran up behind the line, firing their guided purple explosive plasma shots into the Turian ranks, decimating all who were hit. The Turian forces fought as hard as they could, but the enemy was still advancing.

Reth gazed out of the side hatch of the dropship, seeing the smoke rising from the city. "We're touching down in twenty!" The pilot yelled from the cockpit. He replaces the plasma battery in his rifle before the aerial vehicle touches down. Reth and his men charged forward, joining the ranks of their brethren. Finally, the Turian forces fall back into the buildings surrounding the plaza. An Elite Ultra assigns Reth's unit to investigate the city hall.

Cautiously the six Kig-Yar advanced into the building. "This seems too quiet." One of them remarked.

"Yes it does. I wonder where" The soldier is silenced by a sniper round through his head. "Contacts!" Reth shouts, raising his gauntlet. Eight Turian soldiers open fire, killing another Kig-Yar before the Kig-Yar open fire, the plasma going through two Turian soldiers' kinetic barriers. One Turian throws a grenade into their midst, sending Reth flying and killing all but one of the other Kig-Yar. The six Turian soldiers walk up to the wounded Kig-Yar, who stands up with a pistol in one hand and something else in the other. A Turian shoots the pistol out of his hand. The seething Kig-Yar then yells. "See you in the afterlife you filthy bastards!" He nods to Reth before he charges at the Turian soldiers. They gun him down, but something flies out of his hand, landing in their midst.

The grenade detonates in a green explosion, killing all but two, one of which who screams as his flesh lights on fire. He dies soon, but the other survivor rolls over, hearing someone walking. Reth walks forward, a plasma dagger in his hand. It ignites with a hiss. "You aliens killed my friends, my father, and my brother. Now it's time

for me to return the favor." He stabs the blade into the soldier's chest, causing him to gasp, before bring it up and eviscerating him.

"Major Reth?" A Sangheili minor says as he walks closer.

He turns "Yes?"

"Field Martial Rithamee would like to see you."

"Lead the way." The Sangheili nods and walks, Reth turning and spitting on the Turian corpse before leaving.

Four days later, Unknown system

The Sangheili and Kig-Yar fleet had arrayed itself in a defensive formation. Reinforcements had arrived a day prior. The newest class of ship, The Spirit of the Dead class dreadnaught, 2.5 kilometers long and armed with three cruiser weight plasma cannons. (These are different than energy projectors in the sense that the beam itself is the width of a thick tree trunk and travels slower.) This ship was in the center, surrounded by two cruisers, four destroyers, and eight frigates.

Bridge, Spirit of the dead.

"The relay is showing signs of activity. Something big is approaching."

"Ready the plasma cannons on all ships."

"Yes Fleet master" He relays the order to the fleet. "Contacts, three cruisers, six frigates, and fourteen corvettes."

"All ships, fire at will."

Unknown System

The Sangheili fleet fires, the energy beams carving through several destroyers and cruisers. The Turian fleet returns fire before jumping into FTL. They emerge and fire again, this time concentrating their fire on the frigates with their shields down. They manage to destroy three frigates before they move closer to the ships, keeping the close ones from using their main cannons. But when the secondary armaments fired, the plasma still managed to destroy most of the Turian frigates and destroyers.

The Sangheili then had two of three cruisers and two frigates slipspace jump behind the enemy. These ships open fire, destroying a Turian dreadnaught and two cruisers. The surviving Turian ships gathered and launched another offensive against their enemy, destroying a Sangheili cruiser and a frigate. Several Turian ships launch ground forces to the colony before charging at their foes a final time. One Turian dreadnaught and a destroyer are the only surviving ships. Rather than retreat, the two charge at the enemy, only to get cut to slag before reaching them.

Surface, Turian Colony

"Someone get on that gun!" Reth yells as him and his new squad tries

to hold off the Turian ground forces. One of the nimble soldiers jumped onto the gun and started firing at the Turian aircraft. A Turian dropship hovers nearby, opening fire on a small squad of Sangheili. The AA gun turns and fires, the blasts sending the craft spiraling out of control.

One Week later, Council chambers, Citadel.

"They attacked our colony, slaughtered the entire population! And you will not help us." A Turian ambassador yells. "Have you no loyalty to your people counselor."

The Turian and Asari counselors exchange a look.

"Who attacked first?" The Asari says.

"They attacked our colony first!" The ambassador exclaimed.

"That's not what I asked. Now Who Attacked First?"

"We attacked and severely damaged one of their cruisers as it opened a relay. Which is against council law."

"How would a new species even know of that law?" The Asari countered.

"Actually, there were three species involved. Not one" The Turian ambassador says.

"You declared war against three separate species. Foolish." The Salarian counselor says.

"I am going to help you. By sending an ambassador to negotiate with them and get you out of the mess you caused. Now leave." The Asari says.

The Turian rushes out.

Citadel system.

A small Asari ship darts toward the mass relay. Aboard is an Asari diplomat and a member of the Council Spectres. It goes through the relay and disappears.

Asari Ship, Bridge

"Ambassador, are you sure that it was wise to travel alone." An Asari Spectre asks.

"Yes, they could destroy any single fleet we could send, and if we sent warships it could look like we are trying to intimidate them." She thinks for a while. "Plus I have you and four Asari commandos with me, and this ship is more maneuverable than most targeting systems anyway. We will be fine."

"If you say so." The Spectre says before walking away. The diplomat thinks of the orders the Asari councilor gave her. \_"Try and get the knowledge about their language. Do whatever it takes. If this goes well, have them take a cruiser to the citadel. I and the other councilors will take it from there."\_

"I hope this works." She thinks out loud.

Asari ship, Turian System, Two weeks later

The small ship enters the system. "Sensors are detecting a fleet over by that asteroid field."

"Try and set up contact." A Gold armored Sangheili appears on the screen. He begins to speak but the Asari cannot understand. The alien realizes this and transmits a data packet. The Asari receive it and see a fortress class ship with a highlighted hangar.

The Asari shuts down the comm. "Set course for that hangar."

"Yes captain."

"And get that diplomat up here."

The large frigate (Compared to citadel standards) shoots toward the hangar, reaching it in minutes. As it touches down the Captain speaks to the diplomat. "Be careful. And Spectre." "Yes?" "Keep her safe." The Asari nods and walks down the ramp, following the diplomat.

Reth stands next to one of the Sangheili guards, Rifle in hand. A gold armored Sangheili and a silver armored Kig-Yar then walk out of a door. The two Sangheili and four Kig-Yar stand at attention. The two Asari walk down the ramp, followed by four more in light armor. One of them walks forward. The gold Sangheili walks forward, only for the Asari's eyes to go pitch black and to whisper something.

Inside his mind.

"What have you done?"

"Relax; I just need your language, so we can communicate."

"How do I know this isn't a trick to learn about classified information?"

"Easy, because you choose what information you give me." This wasn't quite true but she would prefer him not to fight it. Several images of writing and memories of language enter her mind. And one where someone was being decapitated.

"Is this enough?"

"Was that necessary?"

He twitches, almost grinning. "Maybe not, but you shouldn't have entered my mind without my permission. Now please leave."

They enter the real world again, only to find their private guards trying to kill each other. One of the Asari was knocked out by a Sangheili throwing them and a Sangheili was being held up by the Spectres biotics.

"Stand down!" They both yell in their respective languages. The KO'd Asari is dragged back to the ship and the Sangheili is released.



"Now. I have a request and a question." The Diplomat says.

"The question is why do your ships not use element zero?" The Sangheili gives her a confused look.

"Ok, let's talk about that later, the request is that you take a cruiser or smaller and please follow us back to the citadel."

"Asari, I have a feeling our definition of cruiser is different."

"Why?"

"Because that is one of our cruisers." He points out of the hangar

"Ok, then to avoid causing uproar would you mind taking a trip on our ship."

"Fine, as long as you can wait here a few days before leaving. I need to gather some actual negotiators."

"And can the Turians have their planet back."

He thinks about it. "The Kig-Yar want to mine the asteroids on the edge close to the relay leading towards us."

"I'm sure that can be arranged."

"Also the Turians want reparations for killing all their civilians."

"But we didn't, any who didn't fight were spared."

"The lying Turian bastard" She whispers under her breath.

They say their goodbyes and the Asari ship leaves the hangar. All of the Sangheili fleet leaves except two frigates and the dreadnaught.

Two days later.

The transport lands inside the Asari hangar. A Kig-Yar diplomat and a Sangheili diplomat leave the shuttle, followed by four Kig-Yar and Two Sangheili. The Asari greets them and the diplomats leave, the Asari commandos and all of the guards for the other diplomats. Except for Reth, who wasn't listening when they were talking.

Reth walks over and looks at a rifle leaning on the wall. "Nice." He comments as he looks at it.

"Should I take that as a complement?" The Spectre says as she walks up behind him.

"Oops." Reth says under his breath.

**\*\*Authors note:** That was just the intro. I just thought of asking who wants to submit OCs. I will use five but I can't promise how much

they will be included. I would prefer Kig-Yar or Sangheili OCs as they will be used earlier on in the story. Though, I might make Reth a Spectre, probably also a Sangheili Spectre, one of the Sangheili OCs someone submits probably. Have a nice day.\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Authors Note:** Hi, I will be updating Survivors of Reach soon, I expect it will be finished by the end of this month. If you haven't listened to John dreamers "End of my journey" on YouTube, it's a really good song. I listen to it every time I write this story. Enjoy reading this.\*\*

Hangar, Asari Ship, 2028 CE

"Should I take that as a complement?" The Asari Spectre says as she walks up behind him.

"Oops, sorry."

"No problem, but why are you hear, shouldn't you be with the others."

"I wasn't listening while they were talking." He lets out a nervous laugh.

"Yeah, politicians can be boring sometimes."

"So, I noticed you used a sniper rifle, are you any good?"

"I'm pretty good, you?"

"I'm the best in my unit."

"There's a shooting range, do you want to try, maybe see who the better shot is?"

"You're on, my names Reth, yours?"

"Allyssia, now let's go."

"Lead the way."

Citadel, Citadel System, Two weeks later

The Asari ship touched down in the hangar. The Sangheili and Kig-Yar guard filing out first, followed by the two diplomats. The Spectre follows them. "Follow me, I will show you to the council chambers." She says as she quickly walks toward the exit. Later, as the Spectre leads the group toward the council chambers they are stopped by two C-Sec officers. "The councilors are expecting you; however you must leave your guards and weapons here."

"As you wish." The Sangheili ambassador says before setting his sword and pistol aside, proceeding towards the doors. The Kig-Yar sets his pistol down and then follows. Reth casually flips a small crystal dagger in his hand as he and the other guards wait.

The councilors watch as the two aliens enter. "Why have you summoned

us?" The large alien asks.

"You have attacked one of our member races, what did the Turians do to provoke such aggression?" The Asari says.

"How about attacking one of our exploration frigates unprovoked!" The Kig-Yar says as he glares at the Turian councilor.

"Forgive me Ambassador, but a ship of that size is classified as a cruiser to us, and it was a warship." The Turian says. "I hardly blame my brethren for acting on an unknown ship appearing in their territory."

"We sent a warship to explore because all of our first contacts have ended as wars. But we still did nothing to provoke it getting nearly destroyed." The Kig-Yar answered.

"You were trespassing on Turian space. And you opened a relay, which is illegal in council law"

"Two societies we did not know about until we were attacked by them." The raptor like alien speaks.

"Enough" The Salarian intervenes. "The Turians would like their world back Ambassador. That is the reason for us meeting."

"And so they shall have it, along with any civilians who did not get themselves killed by attacking our soldiers. We only ask for permission to mine and maybe build a small city on the asteroids near the relay leading to our territory. You were not using them anyway. What do you say councilor."

"Fine, those are a small cost." The Turian says.

"Now that that issue has been dealt with, would you care to explain how none of your ships use Element zero and how you turned plasma into a weapon?"

"I am no scientist, but our ships run using pinch fusion reactors, and are propelled by repulsor engines. The weapons systems areâ€|classified." The Kig-Yar says.

"How did you develop technology? Most technology formed by reverse engineering Prothean ruins?" The Salarian asks. "Your method of FTL travel unknown as well."

"We have our ways. Now, may we leave?"

"Only if you submit to council law." The Turian insists.

"We should not have to listen to you. Send your fleets for all I care, they shall be annihilated. You cannot force us to submit to an authority we do not recognize." The Sangheili says stubbornly.

"Now, let's calm down." The Asari speaks.

"I agree, how about a compromise? We will obey your laws while in your territory. I only ask that you show the same courtesy." The Kig-Yar reasons

"Ok, for now." The Asari says.

"If you want us to join your council we will have to be shown that we can trust you. And actually get respected. I am done here." The large alien says before leaving.

"My colleague is a bit angry as of late, I would like to ask permission to leave. We will summon one of our frigates to bring us back to our space. If you need to talk before we leave, we will be searching for someplace to stay until they arrive."

"Wait, I know of a place where you can stay. It should suit your needs until they arrive." The Asari says.

"My thanks councilor, good day." The alien says before leaving.

"We must make them submit to council law." The Turian says.

"But how? We can't force them; we do not even know where most of their planets are. And the Sangheili was right, we will lose a lot of lives trying to force them. If I'm right, then the Sangheili likely would be wiped out before surrendering."

"It seems that the only way to get them to cooperate is giving them a councilor." The Salarian says.

"Are you insane? We cannot do that, the Hanar, the Volus, even the Batarians have been petitioning for a council seat for decades." The Turian councilor exclaims.

"Yes, but we would be giving the seat to three races rather than one. It would save us the trouble of a war or giving all of them an embassy. I see your plan now, but it might not work." The Asari says.

"What choice do we have?" The Salarian asks.

"Let's wait a few years, until we establish steady trade with them. Also, the addition of their fleets to the citadels would make us almost unbeatable." The Asari says. "If we made them sign the treaty of Farixen."

"But their cruisers and destroyers are the sizes of dreadnaughts. How would that work?" The Salarian asks.

"Simple, tell them that they can have one of their dreadnaughts per species as a flagship, and ten cruisers/Destroyers for every one they use in the citadel defense fleet. And make a formal military alliance."

"Let's give this ten or more years before putting it into effect. This way we can refine it." The Salarian adds.

"This meeting is adjourned." The Asari says.

Timeline:

2032 CE: Reth promoted to Ultra and given command of a Spec ops force. Later in that year formal trade is agreed between the Union of Species and the citadel.

2043 CE: Union asked to be part of the citadel, but they decline the offer due to the weapon restrictions and ship restrictions. Further negotiations continue.

2046 CE: A deal is proposed, the Union agrees to keep 4 cruisers and 8 destroyers in the citadel defense fleet crewed by Sangheili and Kig-Yar. In exchange they are allowed to join the council. The Union agrees on the condition that they get a councilor and aren't restricted by any treaties. Further negotiations happen.

2049 CE: The Union joins the citadel council and is granted a councilor.

Surface, Squala, 2049

"Get that AA gun back online or that gunship is going to launch enough missiles to block out the sun!" Reth yells, decked out in Green marked Skirmisher armor.

"Too much enemy fire, these pirates are tenacious, they refuse to surrender." His second in command yells as he ducks behind cover, his blue marked armor dented.

"I call that foolish. Grenade volley at that MG nest!" All four of the remaining Special Forces Kig-Yar prime their grenades and chuck them, the nest exploding in a cloud of green plasma. The remaining Batarian/Kig-Yar pirates are sniped by green bolts of plasma from Reth's rifle. He hears a shrieking noise. "Missiles inbound!" One of the Kig-Yar yells. Reth dives forward before a missile hits his position. The shockwave sends him flying. He stands up, only to see rubble from the collapsed buildings.

"Pirate bastards." He says angrily before sprinting toward the landing pad. A shuttle starts taking off. "Oh no you don't" He growls as he jumps onto the back ramp. He raises his rifle and fires at a Batarian. Two more pirates run forward, firing. Reth activates his point defense gauntlet, the green plasma shield stopping the rounds. He pulls out his pistol and shoots them. He walks up to the pilot. "Set this ship down and surrender or you die!" He points his pistol. The pilot laughs and points the nose of the craft straight for the dirt. Reth fires and grabs the controls.

"Stupid piece of junk!" He yells as he tries to stabilize the aircraft. He fails, the craft slowing down but still crashing into the dirt, sending him through the windshield. Five minutes later he picks himself up from the mud. "Why does this happen to me!" He yells in frustration before walking around to the entrance. He unties two Asari and a Quarian. "Are you ok?" One of the Asari speaks up. "Says the guy who flew through a window. We are fine now that we aren't going to be slaves." "I will lead you to the extraction, it's this way." He points. "Now let's get moving."

"Wait, there are ten other slaves in the main compound."

"Is that where they were taking you?" She nods. "Is it the most heavily defended area on the planet?"

"Probably"

He curses. "Change of plans, you get to the extraction I'm going to probably die trying to free your friends." He trudges off.

"Hey?" He turns. "Thank you for saving us." He nods and walks away.

Pirate Stronghold, Squala, An hour later

As Reth trudges through the mud he notices someone in blue armor watching the base through a sniper scope. He walks up behind them, they turn. "This is Spectre business, who areâ€¦| Reth?" He nods.

"I'm here liberating slaves."

"Same, hey weren't you given a Special Operations squad."

"Dead. I was tipped off about this place by some slaves; they said that there were ten more slaves here."

"More like two hundred, all waiting to be shipped to Khar'Shan."

"So, are you breaking in?"

"Yes, but I wasn't sure my approach was going to work."

"What was the approach?"

"Guns blazing, although, I now have a better idea."

Five minutes later Reth had put handcuffs on her and they were walking towards the base. "Could you loosen them please?"

"Fine" He loosens them. He stops at the door. "I caught this one skulking around outside." He says into the camera.

"Take her to cell block 3 and dispose of her weapons in the armory." A voice says before the door opens. He walks through, heading to the cell block. As they walk past a guard Allyssia stumbles and stabs a small dart into his neck, paralyzing him. "One down. Three to go." She does the same to the next two. But the third one speaks up. "Can I borrow that prisoner?" The guard says, dark intentions in mind. Reth pulls out his pistol and shoots him in the head. "Reth!" She yells.

"Misfire, oops." He says before shooting the camera. "We have two minutes, max before we are swarmed, get the slaves out through the landing pad entrance, I'll hold them off." She nods and starts to free the prisoners. A minute later the door opens and three pirates walk in, only to die from headshots from Reth's rifle. "Spectre, go!" He yells before taking cover and firing at more pirates. She turns and urges the slaves to run. She starts firing down the hall. "Reth come on, I'll cover you!" He turns and runs, the pirates following. He turns and fires his pistol, taking down two before one shoots an RPG at him.

He runs faster, just getting far enough away to avoid dying. He flies through the air, tumbling to a stop. The Spectre grabs him and pulls him up. They run, managing to dive inside a transport frigate that

one of the Slaves hijacked. The transport shoots into the air. "Set course for the citadel." Allyssia tells the pilot before going to sleep against a wall.

Hangar, Citadel

The Spectre and the Kig-Yar walk down the ramp. "So, I heard maybe that your kind is getting a Spectre soon?"

"I wouldn't know that stuff is a bit over my clearance level."

"I suppose, I'm heading for a debriefing with the council, you could probably wait outside and we could have lunch after."

"Sure, I was due for shore leave anyways."

Council Chambers, citadel.

"I actually agree, Spectre Allyssia. Reth is a good candidate." The Union councilor (A T'vaoan Kig-Yar named Zeq Than says.

"You are sure?" Councilor Sparatus asks.

"Pretty sure, he fought in the first contact war between the Turians and his kind, and he has been on numerous missions against pirates, he was willing to sacrifice his life to save the slaves in his last mission. Which happened to be indirectly sent by the council. He's loyal, skilled, and can follow orders, which are all qualities which make a Spectre." The Asari Spectre says.

"If he is ready, we will send him on a mission, one last test. You are to be sent with him to judge him." Councilor Tevos says.

"As you wish councilors, what is the mission?"

"You need to eliminate a slave ring taking Asari from the republics to Batarian space. But the Batarians cannot know that we have sent our forces to do this."

"Their "Heritage and culture" keeping us from interfering I suppose." The Spectre says.

"Yes."

"Just great, when and how do I get there?"

"A freighter carrying supplies to their main marketplace, it leaves a day from now."

"So we're stowaways, just great. I'll be taking my leave now councilors."

"Good luck Spectre." The Asari says.

A week later, Esan

Reth curses. Ten Batarians surround him and the Spectre. "Surrender now." One says.

"Go to hell." The Asari says before using a biotic throw at one of

them. Reth jumps in front of her and activates his shield gauntlet as the Batarians return fire with their assault rifles.

"How did this mission go to hell so quickly?" Reth yells as he throws a grenade, destroying the slavers in a burst of green plasma. He deactivates his gauntlet and stands up.

"I have no ideaâ€¦| wait; they knew we were coming, how?"

The T'vaoan Kig-Yar curses, "A spy, they had a spy."

"I know, and I know who. I'm going to have a nice chat with him when I find him."

"Who is it?"

"Our supposed informant, the one who told us about this slave ring in the first place."

"First, we deal with the slaves, second we deal with him." Reth says. "Let's go."

The two walked down an empty street. "Where is everybody, surely there should be slavers here, if no-one else." He says nervously.

"It is strange, especially since they know we're coming."

"Yes." He thinks about it. \_No men to get in the crossfire.\_ "Get down!" He yells as he dives as sniper rounds and assault rifle fire start pouring from the broken windows of the empty houses. The two begin to return fire, sniping the heads of the Batarians. The Asari notices a Batarian aiming a rocket launcher at them. "Move!" Reth notices and rolls away, the explosion nearly deafening him. He snarls and runs towards the window where the RPG user fired from.

The four eyed alien curses and backs up as Reth leaps up to the window. The Batarian screams as Reth shoots him thrice in the chest with his pistol. He turns and starts firing his rifle out the window, sniping the heads of Batarian snipers. Three Batarians run up the stairs behind him. The lead one pulls out a pistol, only to have Reth shoot it out of his hand. A crystal knife flicks into Reth's hand.

Outside the Asari had collapsed several of the old buildings with her biotics, killing the slavers within. A Batarian wanders out into the street, assault rifle in hand. "Die!" He yells as he fires dozens of rounds at her. She creates a biotic barrier and begins to advance on him. He runs out of ammo, cursing as he tries to hurriedly reload. He panics and drops the clips, enabling Allyssia to shoot him in the head with a pistol.

The Kig-Yar walks out into the street, and he and the Spectre begin to walk towards the marketplace. "Let's get going, wouldn't want to keep our hosts waiting." Reth says.

"Yes, we should have a chat with them I suppose." She says as the two begin to sprint towards the slave market.

**\*\*Authors note: I know this is a little shorter but I'm going**



somewhere and I wanted to get this up soon, have a nice day, I fixed it because someone said it wasn't realistic enough for them. If their still not satisfied with this story than they can just not read it.  
EliteZealot936 out.\*\*

End  
file.